

Friends On The Other Side

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Friends On The Other Side

by [Toki_Wrights](#)

Summary

When Hannibal went to New Orleans for a work conference and was dragged to a fortune-teller by one Alana Bloom and Margot Veger, he didn't expect the man he was presented with.

Day 1

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Hannibal follows a giggling Alana and a stoic but happy Margot into the building. He didn't buy the fortune-teller hoax for a second, but Alana wanted to do it and Margot was indulgent and who was he to stop two full grown women who wanted to waste their money? He huffed as he walked inside behind them, mentally preparing for the assault of incense and herbs on his nose that permitted in all places like this. He was mildly and pleasantly surprised when he was met only with sea salt and the gentle smell of lemon grass and lavender. At least he wouldn't be holding his breath the entire time he was here.

Alana and Margot sat down on a tasteful cream colored couch beside a door and Hannibal took a seat on a nearby deep blue arm chair that was surprisingly more comfortable than what he had expected, again. He took his phone out of his pocket while they waited, crossing his legs with one ankle up on one knee, and observed the waiting rooms decor while he waited for the places website to load.

Instead of the deep purples and vibrant reds that he had expected it was filled with fishing equipment and paintings and general ocean paraphernalia. If he was honest, it didn't look like a fortune-tellers domain at all, and for that, he was thankful. Everything on the walls clearly had a purpose, but instead of gaudy and eclectic, everything was trophies from fishing. Poles, a bunch of intricate Flies trapped behind glass, butterfly pinned up and maps and nets. It was no less cluttered than what he had expected, but it felt... homey, lived in. Not forced.

The door creaked open and the old floorboards squeaked as a man walked out of the room beyond.

"Are you Alana and Margot?" The man asked, and Hannibal found it odd that a fortune-teller would have a secretary, one who most certainly fit the vibe of the waiting room.

They both nodded and Alana jumped up out of her seat, Margot trailing behind her.

"Yes. Is it alright if our friend joins us?" She gestured to him and he blinked. He hadn't figured she would offer, well, he had, he had just hoped that she wouldn't. He didn't want to sit in and try not to laugh at the nonsense he would most certainly be hearing.

"Of course. Do you also have a session scheduled?" He said to him in a teasing tone that made it clear that he did not, intact, have a session scheduled.

Hannibal turned toward the man, "No, I do not-" The most delightful aroma he had ever had the pleasure of experiencing wafted over him, clearly coming from the man, who gave him another knowing look.

Now that he took the time to study the man, he noticed. Noticed just how much those eyes saw, and just how the man cared himself, noticed that he had beautiful curls and a handsome jawline. The thing inside him wants, although he's not sure why.

"Would you like a session?" The man teases. "Free of charge, of course." Alana is smiling widely and Margot is smirking at him. He sighs as he follows them into the room void of any elderly women.

"It would be my pleasure." He says without any pleasure in his voice at all.

Alana sniggers at him as he sits in the chair at the back of the room and she and Margot sit in front of the table, the man taking the seat behind it.

It was only then that Hannibal realized that the man was the fortune-teller.

He didn't pay attention to Alana and Margot and whatever simpering the man was saying to them, it was a shame that someone who looked and smelled like that, that his monster fixated on so heavily, was a fool of the highest grade. He took the time to look around the room, which had much the same vibe as the waiting room except for the giant elk skull on the wall behind the man, that had to be at least twelve point if not more. The antlers on it were truly ginormous.

He startled when Alana walked by him laughing and Margot smiled at him. Internally he growled, but outwardly he reluctantly got up and went to sit in front of the table.

"It's impressive, isn't he?" The man said.

"Pardon?" Hannibal asked.

"The elk hanging on my wall, I noticed you looking at him earlier." The man nodded towards it.

"Ah, yes, well, I've always had an interest in antlers, one could say it's built into me." He smiled at his own joke.

"Well, that makes sense, given that you're a Wendigo." Hannibal shot towards the man in an aborted movement. How did this man know? There was no way he could actually read anything, everyone knew fortune-tellers were bogus, and he was what was believed to be a mythical creature for heavens sake!

"Apologies, I'm Will Graham, I have what I believe you would refer to as pure empathy." He held out his hand for Hannibal to shake and he did so cautiously. He had always wanted to study someone with an empathy disorder, and he was sure the man could gather that from him. "I don't enjoy this job either, but it does have the benefit of making anyone who would know anything about me far, far less likely to actually believe anything I said."

Now that Hannibal thought about it, he could appreciate the ruse. Hiding in plain sight was a technique he'd done a number of times. Enough that he had lost count.

"How did you know what I am?" He wondered if there was something he had done to give it away.

Will smiled at him. "I'm known to be a bait of sorts for Wendigos, I believe it has something to do with the wish to be recognized for what they are, of course, it helps that you flashed your eyes at me when you caught my scent." His head was tilted slightly, and the wolfish smirk on his face gave a slight dog-like impression to him, although if Hannibal had to give a guess, he would guess that Will had dogs.

"I have never met any other Wendigo's, as I wasn't a born one." Hannibal replies.

Will frowns in contemplation, "I would say I could introduce you to some, but Wendigo's are solitary creatures for a reason, as I'm sure you know," Hannibal nodded, "You are all particularly territorial, normally the only other Wendigo's you would meet would be other family members, but if you were made instead of born you wouldn't have met any others."

Hannibal shook his head. These were all conclusions he had come to on his own but it was nice to get a second opinion on it.

"Would you like to go hunting with me tonight?" Will asked suddenly.

"Pardon?" Hannibal said again, surely Will didn't mean what he thought he meant.

"Not everyone who eats other humans turn into Wendigo's, Hannibal. I never said I was human, only that I have what humans would refer to as an empathy disorder." Will grinned at him, sharp teeth catching on his lower lip and pulling it slightly. Hannibal licked his own lips in return. "Theres more than just my empathy that makes me so good at my job, Hannibal, you can't expect to know every creature can you?" Hannibal shook his head. His mouth was dry, and he ached for a taste of Will, again he was unsure how, but he knew that whether he ate him or loved him it would quench the thirst he felt building in his throat.

"So, would you like to join me for dinner, or not?" Will was closer than he remembered, he wasn't sure how he had snuck up on him, not that he had. He was... enraptured, by the man, caught by him, and suddenly the fishing supplies all around him felt less like an innocent hobby.

"I would love to have you for dinner." He replied on instinct. Will threw his head back and laughed, his throat bobbing up and down, his long neck looking more and more apatizing by the moment. He lowered his head back down and leveled their gazes.

"Careful darling, a man might get a the wrong idea." He purred out in a low and sultry voice.

Will slid a card over to him, it had the business number crossed out and replaced with what he assumed to be the man's own number. Hannibal grabbed it and tucked it into his pocket. He and Will shook hands before he turned around and stumbled out the door. Alana was laughing at him, again, and Margots lips were pursed like she was trying to not do the same. He wondered how dazed he looked to get an immediate reaction like that, and found he didn't care.

The three of them stepped out onto the streets of Louisiana and made there way back to their hotel. It was the first day of a week long conference in New Orleans and he already knew that he would be aching to see more of Will during the entire thing. He was supposed to join a group of people going out for drinks after the first day of lectures had finished, but he didn't mind missing it, as he always was going to, he now just had a genuine excuse.

He was still dazed as he showered that evening and messaged Will for a time and address. He wasn't sure what Will was, but he intended to find out. He was certain that the reason he was

still so out of it was because of Will, because of what he was. He felt floaty, almost, out of control in a present way, in way that wasn't right, but wasn't wrong either.

He almost collided with the nightstand of the hotel when he heard his phone ping and hurried across the room to grab it off the charger.

Will: meet me at the port at ten? I'll send you the exact location later.

Hannibal figured that they were getting their dinner fresh and that was an exciting thought. He had never gone hunting with anyone before, and he was almost desperate to see Will in action. He figured that something casual was the best course of action and he was grateful for the jeans and simple shirt he had brought for once. They were what he normally would wear when hunting, not that pair of course, but clothes he had no attachment to that weren't distinctive that he could burn with no loss.

Throw away.

Hannibal: I'll see you there.

It was eight at the moment, the conference had ran later than he would have hoped, but he figured that it was his fault for forgetting the time table, not the conferences. He would have to leave much, much sooner than ten if he wanted to actually get there on time, as he had to account for traffic. He wondered if Will already had someone picked out, and found he couldn't wait to find out.

He knew he should tone down the excitement lest something, unfortunate, happen. He had already restyled his hair and didn't have time to have it be messed up by his antlers. He was pent up in a way. He felt like he could think clearly now that he had a goal in mind, and sat down on the bed to think.

He didn't know what other monsters were out there, so his only guess was something relating to water, given Will's overall aesthetic. He bounced his foot as he rubbed his face with his hands, a surprisingly human gesture for him, a direct contrast with how his monster was straining against his iron grip on it, leaving him hard pressed for an outlet of some kind. Again, he was glad that he would soon have human flesh on his tongue, maybe Will would let him cook for him, maybe Will would cook for him. He didn't care though, he'd eat what they caught raw. Although if he was being honest, he hoped Will would hand over a pound of flesh, he would gladly give some in return, ached for it even, although he wasn't sure why. His mouth watered at the idea of Will's skin on his tongue. He bet he would taste delightful, no seasoning required.

His phone pinged again with another message from Will a while later giving him an exact address to meet at.

Hannibal: I will be there, see you soon.

He threw on a nicer over shirt, it was never cold in Louisiana, but it wasn't hot enough that he'd look ridiculous with it on. He buttoned it up on his way to his car, as he could always take it off later if necessary. He threw his car into gear and if he were a lesser man would have sped out of the parking lot fast enough to leave tire tracks behind. He was impatient as he sat in traffic, he was on edge, and still, he wasn't sure why.

Well, he knew why, but the point still stood.

It wasn't normal, the way he was tripping over himself for a man who if he had met on the street he would haven't given a second glance at beyond physical appreciation. The man wasn't rude per-say, but blunt to the point of it, if he were anyone else, he would have ended up on Hannibals table in the coming years. Instead Hannibal was falling over himself for this man, this being, who smelt amazing, would probably taste even better, and who knew what he was and didn't care nor balk at him in anyway.

Perhaps this was what acceptance felt like.

Will was waiting outside for him.

Hannibal inhaled deeply as he needed the slightly shorter man. It was apparent now that the sea salt and ocean and lemon grass and slight lavender that he had smelt before was Will, his smell so overpowering that he could sense it from behind the door and over the candles he had seen burning around the room.

Hannibal stopped short of the other man and they stared at each other before Will offered him a crooked grin, Hannibals own cock-sure one greeting it in turn.

"So, is this a pre-planned meal or to go?" Will laughed, long and slow and beautiful.

"Pre-planned, but if you don't like it we can make it to go." Hannibal nodded and held out his elbow.

"Lead the way?" Will beamed at him, linking arms and guiding him inside the warehouse, not his preferred location, but Hannibal didn't have his murder basement here.

"Gladly."

Hannibal was certain that whoever Will had picked for their meal would be perfect, much like the man himself. They would not be making a to go run that night, Hannibal decided as they rounded a shipping container and found the man bound and gagged in front of him. He

wasn't sure how Will knew, but the man was one who had been quite rude to him that morning when he went out for a coffee before the morning lectures.

"How did you know?" Will smirked at him.

"It wasn't that hard, all the locals hate him but when you run a well acclaimed coffee shop with, admittedly, good coffee, it's not hard to get away with being a dick." Will dropped himself over Hannibals back, and relished the strong back and chest and lungs underneath him heaving with his extra weight while the Wendigo tried to rein himself in. "Besides, I'll admit to knowing when a Wendigo enters my territory and following him around, trying to find the right lure."

Hannibals breath hitched and something dangerous and seedy curled low in his gut. He hadn't noticed Will at all through his day, but he didn't mind the mild stalking, if anything, it made him feel even better, more full in a way.

"Have you successfully caught me?" He asked in a hesitant breath.

"Of course, I'm not an amateur fisherman, and I'm in my waters, while you're over your head." Will chuckled and Hannibal felt the rumble in his chest on his back. "But I'm sure you won't mind being caught, will you? You're just aching for someone to guide you and join you on hunts, aren't you darlin'?" The slight drawl in his voice that implied Will having lived in Louisiana for a better portion of his life washed over him in a way he thought not possible.

"Thank you." The 'th' is soft and slow, pronouncing his own accent to an obscured degree.

Will hummed behind him and stuffed his face into the juncture of his shoulders and neck, breathing him in deep and low, blood cherries and dark chocolate and metal and coffee, all scents unavailable to him in the ocean.

"Would you show me your favorite cuts?" He purred, offering up a scalpel for Hannibal to take. He does so with a noise of agreement and slips out of Will's grip toward the man weeping on the floor, his stride strong and imposing.

Will watched on with interest as Hannibal expertly opened the man's chest and got to work. He knew it was foolish to trust Will this much, he hadn't even checked if they were secure or not, but for some reason, he did. He licked the drops of blood that had gotten on his face off and smiled as blood wept from the man's open wounds and dripped off of him and onto the floor. The blood pooled behind the man and Hannibal didn't notice Will walking closer until the man bent down, not getting any part of himself or his clothes in the blood, and dipped a finger in the pool. The two of them locked eyes as Will stuck the blood soaked finger in his mouth, licking the blood off it.

Hannibal held back a groan and went to work again, cutting out the heart, lungs, and liver of the man. He didn't have a vision for how the man should look, but given that this wasn't a murder of the Chesapeake Ripper, and that if it was he would very quickly be given away, he didn't mind. Will stared down at him as he worked, and when he neared done with the heart Will stepped back, walked away, and came back with a cooler for the cuts of meat.

"It's a shame this was so much of a rush job, I would have loved to see your work in person." Will said absent-mindedly.

Hannibal paused and looked up at him in awe. "I would love to show you one day." Will laughed and handed him a spare rag once he was done that Hannibal wiped his hands off on with a great full noise.

They both stared down at the man, now dead, covered in blood and muck and grime, and Hannibal decided that the body was beautiful even without being posed.

"We better put this in one of the cars." Will said as he looked back to the cooler. Hannibal walked over and lifted it up with one hand, the other still holding the rag, and walked toward the warehouses doors, opening it with the rag before holding it back out for Will. Will had a slightly awed look on his face before he snapped to attention and grabbed the rag out of Hannibals hands. Hannibal followed him to his car were he put their catch. He normally used his Bently, but he currently had a rental, and he wasn't going to risk it.

"Where to now?" Hannibal asked. He leaned his arms against Wills car on the driver's side window, and felt like a teenager saying goodbye to his girlfriend or vice versa.

"My house?" Will confirmed. Hannibal nodded and stood up straight, starting for his own car.

"I'll follow you."

Will smiled and rolled up his window, waiting till Hannibal slid behind the driver's seat and got his car in gear before driving away, keeping Hannibals headlights in his mirror the whole drive back to his house.

It was a large property outside of New Orleans, and while it was a long drive from his house to his work, it was worth the property and the peace. Hannibal parked just behind Will on the long gravel driveway and as he stepped out of his car was immediately bombarded by dogs. A whole pack of them infact. Will gave a sharp whistle and they all stop crowding him, turning towards there master and sitting down. Two more whistles and they bounded into the house.

"Sorry about them." Will apologized.

"No need, they are wonderfully trained." Will smiled.

"Thanks, I put a lot of work in to make sure of it." Will got an evil look to his face before adding, "I'm hoping to add one more to the group of well trained individuals." Hannibal blinked, unused to the blatant flirting happening at the moment. His brain was stuck on soemthing, though he wasn't quite sure what.

Finally he replied with: "I hope I live up to your standards." Will let out a sharp bark of laughter before leading him inside to put away their catch. His house was cluttered in a way that showed an abundance of things that he wished to show off and not a lack of care for the

appearance of the place. Will showed him where the different cuts went in his freezer, and Hannibal acquainted himself with the kitchen before he got to cooking.

They chatted over the island as he prepared some of the liver for them. A liver and bacon sauté with potatoes and parsley, an easy dish to make that didn't take an inordinate amount of time. He relished in the delighted noise Will made when he bit into his food and Hannibal followed suit, smiling at him as they enjoyed the other's company, the only company in the know about what they were eating that wither had had in a long, long time.

After dinner was done and Hannibal and Will had washed the dishes and put away the cutlery, they sat together on his couch, making Hannibal extra glad he wore his throw away clothes, the amount of fur on them would have him calling for them to be burnt even if there wasn't blood splatters on them.

"Have you run before?" Will asked, seemingly out of the blue.

"Yes?"

"No, I mean," Will huffed out an annoyed breath, "I mean like, a *run*."

Hannibal's brows were creased in confusion as he tried to parse out what Will meant by 'run'. When it hit him, he blinked.

"No, I have not, I've never felt the desire to, and I've never had anyone truly close enough for me to do so with." Will let out what he believed to be a sigh of relief before he stood up, walked over to Hannibal who watched him carefully, and sat himself down on his lap.

Hannibal blinked at the other man in front of him and Will kept his gaze downward before taking a deep breath and looking up at him. His eyes were gold, and Hannibal wondered what he was, not for the first time. Will leaned forward and whispered into his ear, "Would you like to run?" Hannibal's heart stuttered to a stop in his chest before starting back up at a faster pace than before. His monster growled in satisfaction at Will's words.

"I believe I would quite enjoy that." He tilted his head, breathing the words onto Will's plush lips. Will leaned forward and planted a firm kiss on his mouth. It didn't last long before his monster, which was howling in victory, started edging him to move, to run for Will to give chase to.

He slipped out from under Will, seemingly rolling him over to deepen the kiss before leaping up and taking off out of the house. He didn't look behind him to see if Will was giving chase, but he was most certain that he was. He ran into the woods, and as soon as he stumbled over a root on the ground remembered he had the disadvantage here, despite the fact that he was certain he had the speed advantage, these weren't his woods. Literally.

He felt the change wash over him at the long, pleasant call behind him that sounded like a song. His nails elongated into claws and he quickly kicked off his shoes and pants as his legs changed, his ankles rising and his toes merging into hooves. His antlers slowly, agonizingly, sprouted out of his head, and his skin melted into obsidian black. He knew his eyes were red and that his head was distinctly different than before, but he had never been in front of a

mirror when he had changed before. He hunched over slightly as he ran, slowly getting onto all fours as the change washed over him completely and his shredded shirt fell off him. That took care of that problem. He knew that Will was behind him, and it pushed him to run faster. He was going to make Will work for him.

Hannibal had no idea where these thoughts were coming from, they were new, but they felt right to him, more right than most things have before. He ran, for fear of Will catching up to him and deciding he didn't want Hannibal, that he was far too wretched of a creature to have run for. He wasn't sure how long he had been running when the intoxicating scent of Will and the man himself barreled into him and they rolled down a nearby hill. The two of them panted into the night air, the heat that had before been passive now sticky and damp and clinging.

He took in the sight of Will, who looked much more human than him, but still not quite. Scales lined his sides and back, green and blue and iridescent and positively lovely. His ears were gone, replaced by fins, and his face was flatter, distinctly more fishy looking. His eyes, were the same gold as earlier, deep and rich and full. Will was gilded in a way, in a way that made him envious and made him want to skin him, to wear his scales.

Will glowed under the night sky, the moon glinting off his scales and skin, and Hannibal practically devoured the light, a source of true black in the night.

"Your beautiful." They whispered at the same time, and smiled at each other. Hannibal knew this wasn't what Will truly looked like, he knew that he wouldn't see that unless he was in the water, but Hannibal didn't mind, even a glimpse felt like a gift.

"And to think I was contemplating comparing us to Achilles and Patroclus when Odysseus and Sirens is much better." Will snorted and leaned in, nibbling at Hannibal's tough skin and then biting down on his neck hard, sharp teeth piercing through easily. Hannibal cried out in shock, endorphins flooding his system before he surged up and returned the sentiment. They both had the other's blood on their teeth and in their throat and bodies. Hannibal was correct, Will tasted delightful, sweet and salty and musky and like Will in a way that made him throw his head back and groan.

Will bit down on his neck again, and Hannibal roared as Will sucked his blood from his neck like a vampire. Instead of the expected desire to switch their positions like he had always had before, he found himself wanting on the bottom, wanting to be marked up and claimed in a way he hadn't been before.

He let out a breathy moan as Will made his way down his chest, hovering and licking and biting at his nipples before returning back to his face and peppering it with kisses, he knew his face - skull really - made it hard to kiss, it wasn't like a deer skull was conducive to kissing when it didn't have lips. But still, Will covered it in kisses and licks, paying special attention to between his antlers before dipping back down and continuing on his journey lower. Slowly Will teased his way down his stomach after passing his bony ribs. Hannibal stuttered out a shaky breath as Will ghosted over his sensitive belly. He felt vulnerable and open to attack, and yet he let Will kiss it and stroke it, the most vulnerable part of his body, and didn't even bother curling to cover his stomach. Instead arching his back into Will's

embrace and touch and wincing slightly and his boney shoulders dug into the dirt and leaves and underbrush.

He cried out again when Wills head dropped even lower, bypassing his aching dick and balls and going straight for his hole, kissing it and giving it little kitten licks. He gasped for breath at the rising heat and the sensation of Wills tongue prodding and licking into his hole, passing the ring of tight muscle and delving straight into his bowles.

Will moaned at the taste of him, sending shockwaves of pleasure up and back down Hannibals spine from the vibrations. He howled as Will shoved a finger in beside his tongue, fucking into him with vigor. Evidently, there was something in the sirens saliva that made him loose, because there was no way Will should have been able to get a second finger in with his first one not even a second later.

He breathed harshly as Will continued to stretch him, the edge and cusp of something rapidly approaching like a train wreck he could only watch in slow motion, helpless to do anything about.

"Will, Will I-" He cut off with a groan as one of Will's fingers brushed over his prostate.

"Hold it." Will growled out.

"Wh- what?" Hannibal panted into the air.

"I said, don't fucking cum yet." Will and him locked gazes, and the most interesting juxtaposition he had ever experienced washed over him. It felt like he had orgasmed, but there was no cum spurting from his cock. Instead, it was just the floaty quality of an organization that washed over him, leaving him high and sedated. His eyes fell partly closed, heavy and lax, and Will chuckled at him before finally drawing his mouth back up and over Hannibals balls and onto his cock, taking it to the root on the first go.

Hannibal writhed beneath Will as he sucked him off, still in the floatyness of where ever he had gone, but with awareness slowly creeping in. Will stuck a fourth finger in his hole, scissoring and twisting them. Hannibal didn't know what to focus on, completely overwhelmed and overstimulated and yet wanting to beg for more.

"Will, Will please- please I, I need it... please, please!" He devolved into sobs, something he thought he would never do, when the siren kept teasing him.

Eventually Will's head pulled of his cock and he smiled up at Hannibal, eyes blown wide with barely a ring of gold remaining and lips stretched wide and bruised. Hannibal was caught in Wills gaze and completely missed the siren putting his thumb in along with his fingers. He yelled in the most amazing agony at the stretch as Will fisted him.

"You like that darlin'?" Will gave him a crooked grin, teeth sharp and pointed and Hannibal wanted them to bite him again, deeper than last time, deep enough to truly mark. Hannibal nodded, crying out and weeping on Will's fist. "Of course you do, darling. You were just made for me weren't you?" Will pulled his fist out and lined his dick up with Hannibals hole. They both let out long moans as Will's dick slid inside, his wide and flared head popping past

the ring with ease and the rest following. With a final long and slow slide Will's hips pressed up into his ass, signaling that he was buried to the hilt. Hannibal moaned loud and low at the knowledge, one of his legs spamming and kicking at the ground wheel his fingers twitched, his eyes rolling up into his skull a little.

"I bet you feel so full, dont'cha darlin'? You're just aching for me to move, for me to fill you up and claim ya' and keep ya', baby." Hannibal moaned at the warm breath puffing into his ear as Will talked, nodding his head vigorously in conformation. Will bit down onto his ear, drawing blood and licking it. Hannibals ear twitched, the now deer like thing unsure of whether it wanted to escape or stay. "You like that darlin'? You like it when I make you bleed?" Hannibal groaned and croaked out a 'yes' between gasping breaths, he felt so full, so overwhelmed, and Will wasn't even moving yet.

Will slid his hands up Hannibals thighs towards his knees and pressed until they bent up and towards his chest. Slowly, so, so slowly Will started moving, pulling out till the head of his dick caught on Hannibals rim before sliding back in, brushing over and hitting his prostate. Hannibal cried out in delight as the siren finally started moving, and wrapped his legs around Wills shoulders, trying to pull him impossibly closer to him.

"Please." He breathed out into Wills ear, hands coming up to wrap around the man's back, brushing lovingly against his scales, "Harder, move-" He bit back a groan as Will complied, "faster!" He gasped out, and soon enough Will was slamming into him, fast and hard and Hannibal knew that if he was human right now his eyes would be completely rolled back and his tongue would be hanging out of his mouth. He sure felt utterly debauched.

It wasn't long after Will had finally started moving that he felt the nagging pressure again, making him weep and gasp at every drag of Wills flared cockhead. "Will-" He cried out In a hoarse breath. "Will, I'm going to, may I- please-"

Will buried his head into Hannobs neck, sulking bruises and bites for him to discover when he looked human again. "Of course darlin', anything you need baby." He relented, and bit sharply down on Hannibal, deeper than before, and Hannibal yowled as something snapped into place in the back of his mind, a mental link between him and Will forming. Cum spurted from his cock in long trails and thick globs, coating both of their stomachs. Will followed not far behind, shooting into Hannibal, some of his cum welling up and escaping past his dick, trailing down Hannibals ass.

Before he could pass put, Hannibal surged up one last time and bit down, hard, on Will in the junction between shoulder and neck, harder than he had earlier, and the bond between the solidified. His monster growled in satisfaction as Will stared down at him with wide, desperate eyes, and he slipped into sleep right there on the forests floor.

End Notes

Bro, someone tell me why I can write a new fucking chapter in any of my on going fics but another stupid Lil Hannibal thing were I decide - yeah! I can write smut! - is something I can bust out in like, 5 hours no problemo. I'm thinking I might turn this into a series, but not unless it turns out I'm actually good at writing smut :p so let me know how I did. This started as a stupid Lil idea, but got really fucking big really quick, and idk were the voodoo magic went, but it's gone, and also, why does no one make wendigo Hannibal, like, a genuine wendigo? Not dissing on the shows wendigo at all, but I live for these demonic deer things, so gimme more if it guys.

No beta, it's all mine :p also. I know Jack shot about Louisiana, New Orleans, and hunting, so, womp womp.

Please comment and tell me how I did 🙄

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